THE NEW REPUBLIC

The 1946 Campaign

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by Gerald W. Johnson

October 12, 1959

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

There's No Hysteria

★ While America is busy with the World Series the Soviet is winning the Interplanetary Series. However, say scientists, we can catch up with the Soviets in 18 months. Also, there is a big "if" to it! We can catch up IF the Soviets stand still. We can be up where the Soviets are at the present time, maybe, in 18 months. But where will they be then?

It is dull business offering warnings. The Eisenhower Administration let the missile lead go to Moscow. That gives it a place in history. So nonplussed was the Administration two years ago that it pooh-poohed the first Sputnik; what good is a space "basketball," it asked? It was afraid of mass hysteria. Well, there has been no mass hysteria.

The Soviets are turning out three engineers to our one. There is no hysteria. The Soviet economy is leaping ahead at 7 to 8 percent a year; ours advanced only 1.5 percent from 1953 to 1958 (it is up right now). There was no hysteria.

Eisenhower's health required an 8-day vacation after talks with Khrushchev: "the sense of relief that the President always feels when away from the nation's capital was etched in every line of his face," wrote a *New York Times* reporter. He has been indulging in golf, bridge and cooking. Mr. K, by contrast, bounds to Peking and back again, a fireball of executive energy. In America there is no hysteria.

No, there is no hysteria, either, over the fact that the Soviets have a sense of mission, of common objective, of national goals and that we do not. That is the biggest difference of all. They're out to buy us, we to balance the budget. A trumpet in Moscow, a snore in Washington. There is no hysteria at all.

No doubt the relaxed tension after the Khrushchev visit, and before the Summit meeting, is a good thing. (Eisenhower has postponed his own trip to Moscow half a year. This will bring him back – presumably with plaudits of Russian crowds – just before the election . . . a nice bonus for the Republican "Party of peace.")

This is too big a subject to be cynical about. Maybe the Communists really are going to reform and be nice guys. Hearing the sighs of relief in editorials you would suppose so. The important thing is we have got time; what are we going to do with it?

One thing we could do with it would be to face the Formosa issue realistically. Why not seize the lull to show our good intentions, to try to get a Formosa settlement before another gun is pointed at our head? Red China needs tension to get popular sacrifices. The US has been elected the bogey. Every burden is possible for coolies in Red China who are told that a devilish Uncle Sam is trying to carve up their homeland.

What worse blow could there be, therefore, to the Chinese firebrands than for the US to be placable? Suppose the small island fortresses a few miles off Red China's mainland were evacuated, Formosa's independence put under a UN guarantee and it was suggested that this might be the avenue for Peking's admission to the UN? Sooner or later we must face reality there. Why not, for once, take the initiative?

As Slichter Saw It

★ The death of Sumner Slichter, unconventional Harvard economist, is a great loss. Part of his strength lay in the uneasy awareness among liberals and conservatives that he belonged to neither camp. Both sides listened to him uneasily, often admitting that he was probably right but wishing that he would not say it so loud.

Slichter did not "advocate" inflation. His views deserve a succinct restatement. He believed wage pressures by powerful unions would slowly force up prices; he was sorry for this but tranquil about it, pointing out that prices have risen since the beginning of the Republic, that they have never brought galloping inflation, not even in war, that in all the recent White House hysteria inflation has been smaller here than in almost any other country, and that inflation carries some advantages in stimulating business. He agreed that a tight money policy can halt inflation but only at a cost of intolerable unemployment, and he proposed instead a system of selective controls.

Time may prove Slichter wrong. But his calm emphasis on uncomfortable facts drove the drum-beaters almost frantic, particularly because events seemed to support him. Slow inflation still threatens; the Administration's tight money tourniquet is again slowing down business (as it did to produce the unnecessary 1957-58 recession). Inflation? "The present outlook," says the *Wall Street Journal*, September 28, "is for continuation . . . of the uptrend in prices."

On Both Sides

★ A committee of 40 under enthusiast Charles H. Percy, president of Bell & Howell, has produced the preamble to a proposed four-part declaration of what the Republican Party stands for. If Nikita Khrushchev ever reads it he will be more confused than ever over the difference between the two parties. It is composed of noble generalities that almost anybody would support. Following this preamble the first GOP task force reported it urged a $36 billion annual government outlay for scientific expansion by 1976 (present – $10 billion). Then it added that it was against "vast new spending programs directed from Washington." It did not reconcile the two.

We ran across a letter by Bill Evjue, editor and publisher of the crusading *Madison* (Wis.) *Capital Times*, in last week's copy of *Labor*. "Why don't the liberals who vote the Democratic Party get down to groundrock and realize that the labels 'Republican' and 'Democrat' no longer have any meaning?" he demands.

"The real division," Evjue adds, "in public thinking . . . is between the conservative who is satisfied with the *status quo* and the liberal who believes that mankind should always be pressing forward in the fight to make life better for more people." What the Percy report tries to do is to put the GOP on *both* sides.

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Borrowers and Lenders

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With Mr. Khrushchev far off in China, from which American reporters are banned but ought not to be, and Mr. Eisenhower off in the desert, from which reporters were not banned but should have been, the news last week centered on money. More precisely, borrowed money.

It is a matter of interest, first of all, that mortgage rates have been boosted. The agency that purchases federally insured loans (the Federal National Mortgage Association, known to the bureaucrats as "Fannie Mae") will henceforth charge the borrower 6¼ percent interest – 5¾ plus ½ percent for insurance. This delights the conservative press which has assured the public that the higher interest rate will unfreeze new funds for loans to home builders. But since the new rate, the highest in years, also assures that most of the new homes will be built for middle and upper income groups who need them least, the public's delight is moderate. Small businessmen and unaffluent home buyers will be hurt most, but the rates will also add to the cost of school bond issues, mental hospital construction, recreational facilities, slum clearance and an array of community services which make urban existence bearable and could make it pleasant. "Fannie Mae," who began life as a sister of charity, now looks more like a gold digger.

But although those who borrow from the federal government will have to pay more, those who lend the government money will get more. The Treasury has just offered for sale $2 billion worth of notes paying 5 percent interest, unequalled since 1929. The terms of the notes, four years and 10 months, were fixed in hairline avoidance of the statutory interest ceiling of 4¼ percent on maturities of five years and over, which Congress was unwilling to raise.

The tight money policy, of which the higher mortgage rate and the higher interest rate on government securities are the domestic manifestations, have the effect of slowing down withdrawals of gold from this country – withdrawals which in some quarters have been interpreted as a flight from the dollar earlier this year. Whether "flight" is the right word is arguable. The gold withdrawals can also be interpreted as the accumulation of reserves by foreign countries consistent with the new strength of West European economies. Treasury Secretary Anderson's demand for rapid progress toward currency convertibility and for relaxation of restrictions abroad on imports of US goods reflected this appreciation of how healthy our friends have become. So too did the major accomplishment of the World Bank and

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International Monetary Fund at their annual meeting in Washington last week --establishment of the International Development Association.

IDA will make possible "soft" loans on more flexible terms and longer maturities than those authorized by the World Bank, and it may put to use some of the soft currencies accumulated by the US through sales of agricultural surpluses. It was born just after Gracie had roared across the Atlantic coast, and while Hannah's future was still indeterminate. But IDA is unlikely to develop great velocity soon. Rather, its appearance is an indication that the winds of destiny have shifted direction. More than anything else, it reflects the new, why-be-Uncle-Sap mood in Congress. In this mood, Congress delayed passing a foreign aid bill until the last moment of the last session; and it pared the President's mutual security request for $3.922 billion down to $3.218 billion (including a $150 million cut in the Development Loan Fund).

The burgeoning West European countries, it was said by many, have become competitors rather than clients; why then shouldn't they bear more responsibility both for their own defense and for helping underdeveloped areas? Congress, having read *The Ugly American*, was also very unhappy about the administration of foreign aid and amended the Foreign Service Act to require that more people at more embassies have "a knowledge of the language, culture, history, and institutions of the countries in which they are to serve."

Moreover, Democratic leaders who sponsored long-term financing for the Development Loan Fund were outraged when promised Republican support vanished (the Administration whip was nowhere to be found at the critical moment of debate). The Democrats were irritated too when the President chose to deliver a veto message in the midst of consideration of the foreign aid bill. And, in general they were reluctant to continue as champions of aid sought by a Republican President while the GOP attacked them as "spenders." Any proposal that offered the prospect of lightening the taxpayers' load by unloading some responsibility for foreign aid on others would therefore have been welcomed.

IDA has been so welcomed. It was born in Congress, the brainchild of Sen. Mike Monroney, who got the idea on a trip he made to Bangkok in 1956. But the Monroney initiative was taken over by Treasury Secretary Anderson and made Administration policy in part because it gives the appearance of forward motion in the field of foreign aid without appreciably raising the price tag. The US dollar share in IDA's budget is only $66 million annually for the next five years. Other nations will ante up additional currency, not all of it "hard," so that the $1 billion dowry for IDA may be raised. And those contributions make IDA especially attractive to Administration and Congress alike. But whatever her virtues as a benefactor of the needy, IDA at the start more resembles Little Orphan Annie than Lady Bountiful. Her gifts are limited. Despite the reluctance of the Congress more and not less US aid, channeled through the US Development Loan Fund, will be required in the years ahead.

Susanna, Don't You Cry

Fortunately for the living, the dead do not speak but are spoken for. Abraham Lincoln is to be the central stage prop for the Republican campaign in 1960, because next year is the centenary of his first nomination. His black stovepipe hat will be the GOP campaign symbol. The banjo will also be featured, because it is "the only real American instrument" and teen-agers have shown an interest in it. All this has been announced by Mr. Thruston B. Morton, chairman of the Republican convention arrangements committee.

Mr. Morton must know his business, and if candidates can be persuaded to don stovepipe hats and strum banjos, that's all right. Indeed, the prospect inspires the suicidal soul with resolution to live one more year. But before all the musical arrangements are made, it would be well to find out how indigenous the banjo really is. According to the musicologist Percy Scholes, it is probably of African origin, and although there's nothing wrong with having an African motif in '60, and it does tie in with Lincoln, wouldn't it be more American to teach all candidates how to play the Wurlitzer.

Knowing Reporters

One of the most perceptive of recent public discussions of the American press went unreported last week by that press, the description by Anthony Lewis of the daily round of the Washington reporter. His listeners were the federal judges of the Second Circuit – New York, Connecticut and Vermont – and their lawyer-guests. Mr. Lewis writes about the Supreme Court for *The New York Times*. In addition, he reports on Congress, the President and various administrative agencies. He is thus especially qualified to speak about the different role of the reporter who covers the judiciary and the reporter who covers the rest of government.

As he observed, the "public relations" orientation of the legislator, the department head, even the White House has proliferated a familiar stock of opinion-shaping devices: the press conference, the "leak," the not-for-attribution briefing, the trial balloon.

But judges don't hold briefing sessions, and they are not provided with public information officers. They don't discuss their cases with journalists. All the reporter is given is the written word, the judicial opinion,

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which is expected to do its own communicating. Sometimes, judicial opinions fail to communicate, and this is what makes the skill of an Anthony Lewis, who expounds the opinion, its context and possible impact, so compellingly important. It also underscores the importance of giving more specialized training to more reporters.

Newspapers are a business, and quite often an unprofitable one, but there is at least an influential minority of well-to-do newspaper owners who take the task of informing the public seriously, who do not limit coverage of domestic and world news to one paragraph wire-service stories, and who will give space to a story that needs telling.

But what of the reporter's competence to tell the story? Assuming he has a good general education and an inquiring mind, can he report adequately about the latest Pentagon decision to concentrate on the production of this missile rather than that without specialized knowledge, and not merely technical knowledge but an appreciation of fundamental national security interests and strategic concepts? The background required is rarely picked up on the run.

The experience of *The New York Times* in having Mr. Lewis go to Harvard for a year's study of the law illustrates how an investment in higher education may pay off. The Nieman fellowships are an admirable effort to give newspapermen an opportunity to fill in gaps in their knowledge, so that they can return to reporting better prepared at least to ask relevant questions. But a much larger investment in the education of the reporting profession is needed – and it cannot be made by newspapers alone – if journalism is to help light our way through this ever-darker forest of "facts."

Gas and Germs as Weapons

Although, as was noted last week, East-West negotiations on an atomic test ban and on means of preventing surprise attack have been hung up on questions of the reliability of inspection procedures, the technical difficulties thus far considered are almost negligible compared to those with which chemical and biological agents confront us. Mr. Khrushchev's formula is simplicity itself: "The stockpiles of chemical and bacteriological means of warfare accumulated by some states will be eliminated once and for all without leaving a trace," he told the UN Assembly. The truth is they can be manufactured and stored "without leaving a trace."

Chemical agents include the various war gases and the most recent innovation in toxicological warfare – the "psychochemicals" devised to deprive an enemy temporarily of his will to fight. Biological agents include a wide range of deadly and debilitating germs that can be used against man, his animals, his crops. Literally any bottling plant, pharmaceutical house, canning factory, hospital or research laboratory, drugstore, or even home kitchen can become a plant for their manufacture.

At the August 24 Pugwash Conference, all scientists present – and that included Soviet scientists – agreed that it would be extremely hard to identify all the possible places where these agents might be prepared. They are available to both underdeveloped and industrialized countries. And once prepared, their shipment across frontiers could not be detected short of screening all forms of transport, civil as well as military. Science here again mocks our anachronistic pattern of national sovereignties and goads responsible states to create politically the community which already exists technically.

LONDON

British Reaction to the Big Two Talks

From left to right, from highbrow to lowbrow, the British press has been unanimous that the Khrushchev visit was badly organized on the American side. The calculated coldness of Khrushchev's welcome at the official level, the absurdly exaggerated security precautions, the ludicrous role of Henry Cabot Lodge, the incredible ineptitude of Hollywood, were reported as fully in Britain as in the United States. It is generally thought that if President Eisenhower were submitted to the same sort of treatment he would explode in fury within 24 hours. So Khrushchev's comparative restraint evoked considerable admiration.

On the other hand, Khrushchev's image has not emerged untarnished either. The grossness of his clowning undermined the popular readiness to see him as a sort of Soviet Cromwell – the analogy of Peter the Great means little in Britain. And his occasional brutalities of speech shocked the British as much as the Americans. Moreover the experts were extremely disappointed to find no sign whatever that Khrushchev had brought with him any practical new ideas on the major problems of world policy. His public declarations were all predictable propaganda, and no hint escaped from the Camp David talks of any serious diplomacy.

With confidence in both the two superpowers considerably reduced, there is likely to be a growing demand, inflated by the electoral competition here, for an independent British initiative. Mr. Macmillan has

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already exploited his own Moscow visit to the maximum – but only as a contribution toward the later exchanges between Eisenhower and Khrushchev. But now that it is seen that talks in themselves are no substitute for policy, the question of what the West should say at any future Summit meeting comes into immediate prominence.

By his speech at the United Nations Khrushchev has made disarmament the central issue. Except, oddly enough, for Chancellor Adenauer, no one in the West seems to believe that universal and comprehensive disarmament is possible in the next few years: even if Russia were prepared to accept the forms of inspection and control involved, it would take decades to set them up. So attention must focus on the intermediate stages in which Khrushchev declared an interest.

Limited Disarmament

A three-power ban on nuclear tests seems now almost within reach – but there is no prospect at present of persuading France to adhere to it, and precious little sign that America will make the diplomatic concessions involved in bringing China into the control system. Thus the fourth country problem may move center-stage in the next few months. And so far no one has yet made any proposals for dealing with it directly except the British Labour Party, with its offer to give up Britain's membership in the nuclear club if all other countries except America and Russia agree to accept an international inspection system which will prevent their producing weapons. This too is only a partial answer to the fourth country problem, but it offers the most hopeful line of advance, and it has the merit of not requiring the assent of the superpowers.

The other issue which must take the stage once the prospect of total disarmament is recognized to be at least a distant one is that of regional arms control in such obvious danger areas as Central Europe. Mr. Khrushchev's three suggestions of a zone of limited armaments, the total withdrawal of foreign forces from the Continent, and inspection against surprise attack, give the West an obvious opportunity for constructive counter-proposals. Here not only the Labour Party but the Prime Minister too have shown an interest which is so far unpopular among the larger Western governments. But in this case cooperation is of course required from the superpowers themselves – and they have everything to gain by it. For growing doubt about their ability to handle the world's biggest problems is leading to a dispersal of military power which is ultimately in no one's interest. Unless Russia and America act now to prevent that dispersal from going too far, they will soon lose the ability to act together effectively, even if they want to do so.

DENIS HEALEY

LAOS

Fact-Finders in Search of Some Elusive Facts

The war in Laos, which sounded like a full-scale armed invasion a month ago, promises to subside, as mysteriously as it arose, even before the United Nations fact-finding commission can complete its report. The Laotian government, which has been backing away from its earlier charges of outside intervention, has now said it will not submit North Vietnamese prisoners to the fact-finders because it considers them "not very solid proof" of aggression.

I was one of five reporters in Vientiane, the capital of Laos, who heard the official communiques about a fierce four-day battle at a place called Sam Teu and saw in them a chance to appraise the official reporting of the entire campaign. Laotian officials said the strategically-important village had changed hands four times in four days in a series of fierce engagements between 300 defenders and 500 to 600 rebel Pathet Lao attackers led and "cadred" by Viet-Minh troops from across the border in Communist North Viet-Nam. The initial attack was said to have been a mortar barrage in which 300 shells fell on the fortress in two hours.

A visit to the scene showed that the closer one gets to a Laotian battle the littler it becomes. The view of the "key village" from the air was the first let-down. Grass-roofed houses that could hold a population of not more than 2,000 could be seen nestled at a bend of a river, surrounded by rice paddies. A half-mile off was the fortress, perched on a hill. Lieutenant Baune Thank, commander of the garrison, was awaiting us at the fort, a collection of a dozen grass-roofed huts with bamboo frames and walls of woven bamboo matting. Grass-roofed firing positions connected by trenches girdled the slopes of the low hill.

Baune Thank's story was that only 30 men had been actually in the fort at the time of the attack. His other 110 men had been scattered in patrols over an area with a 30-mile radius. The 30-man garrison had been armed with one heavy machine gun, seven submachine guns and 22 American carbines. As for the reported 500 to 600 attackers, the lieutenant's estimate was 200. He personally had seen only enemy patrols.

Baune Thank said he and his men withdrew into the hills without waiting for an enemy attack. They returned the next morning and, seeing no one but assuming the enemy had been there in the night, re-entered the fort without firing a shot. The following day, believing the fort to be encircled by enemy forces, he sent out patrols and forced the enemy to withdraw. The

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place had not been threatened in any way since.

As evidence of foreign intervention for the UN fact-finders, Baune Thank had already sent to Vientiane a gunny sack of mortar shell fragments, some bearing the marking of "USA," as well as two home-made "potato masher" hand grenades made of tin cans attached to foot-long bamboo sticks, which he said had been found 20 miles away. This is part of the evidence, presumably, that led Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, to conclude that this Communist "gnawing at the vitals of the free world" was "another extension of the Soviet Union's continuing peripheral efforts since World War II."

Were there North Vietnamese troops among the attackers, and if so how were they identified?

Lt. Thank replied that strangers had passed through a village 10 miles away. The girls of the village approached them with silver urns filled with gifts of flowers. The strange men did not say "Thank you," so the villagers assumed they could not speak Lao and must be North Vietnamese. A final bit of evidence for the UN fact-finders was six rusty hand-made flintlock rifles, their four-foot barrels held to teakwood stocks with brass bands.

In the United States, there were two serious misconceptions about the situation in Laos. The first was that a substantial military invasion had taken place, one that could be proved to the UN commission and one that a United States or UN military force could turn back. It seemed more likely that the fact-finders would find that indirect aggression had taken place, a civil war inside Laos aggravated by North Vietnamese propaganda, agitation and some arms. The other misconception was that Laos had an effective government.

A Nation without Identity

Laos is one of the most primitive countries in the world. It has been fully independent only five years. If many Americans are not sure just where it is, their excuse can be that it does not yet appear on most maps. Many Laotians, moreover, are said to be unaware that there is a political entity called Laos or that they are subjects of a government in Vientiane, although they may be dimly aware of the king in his royal capital of Luang Prabang.

Perhaps 95 percent of Laos's 2 million or so people live in tiny villages with no newspapers, no roads and few radio sets to connect them with the rest of the country. Most are illiterate. As recently as two years ago, there were only 30 Laotian high school graduates in the entire country. Vientiane has no telephone system, no public water supply and no sewage disposal except gutters sometimes covered with rotting boards. There are no railroads and few automobile roads.

A further difficulty is that the Vientiane government represents almost exclusively the Lao people and gives almost no representation to the Meo, Kha, Black Thai and other tribal peoples who occupy the mountainous northern provinces and probably make up more than half the population of Laos.

These tribal minorities are the basis for the rebel Pathet Lao movement. When the French-Communist war in Indo-China ended in the 1954 armistice agreements signed at Geneva, the Pathet Lao controlled the two northern Laotian provinces of Sam Neua and Phong Saly. The settlement provided that these provinces were to be brought under the administration of the central government and free elections were assured.

The State Department's Asia specialists opposed this settlement from the start, viewing it as an invitation to the Communists to subvert and eventually take over the entire peninsula. They were still more upset by a 1957 military agreement in which the Pathet Lao at last submitted to integration in return for a coalition government in which it was given two seats. James G. Parsons, United States Ambassador to Laos at the time, told a Congressional subcommittee that he "struggled for 16 months to prevent a coalition." Walter S. Robertson, then Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, said, "We did everything we could to keep it from happening."

Elections in May, 1958, seemed to justify the worst American fears. The Pathet Lao won nine of 21 new seats at stake in the national assembly, and a smaller neutralist party won another four seats. With the encouragement of the United States, the coalition government was converted two months later into a strongly anti-Communist government that has been taking a progressively tougher line against the Pathet Lao ever since. The national assembly last January granted the government dictatorial powers for a year. When that matter was being debated, the government announced a politically-attractive army pay increase, granted after assurance by US officials there that our country would pay for the increase. Entire support of the 25,000-man army comes from the United States.

The head of the new government, Premier Phoui Sananikone, later imprisoned all leftist members of the national assembly and all leaders of the Pathet Lao. Last spring, his government called a halt to long-stalled negotiations with two remaining Pathet Lao battalions and tried to incorporate them on its own terms into the regular army. One battalion was integrated, but the other fled to the north. A military campaign was launched to encircle and disarm it.

These circumstances suggest mixed responsibility for the shift from a political struggle to civil war. Regardless of where the blame lies, the split has deepened, and growing intransigence on both sides blocks any long-term settlement.

RICHARD DUDMAN

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If Not Adlai, Who?

The non-candidacy of the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, who is openly, even ostentatiously, not-running for the Democratic nomination in 1960, is to date one of the least successful political operations of the age.

The ardor with which Mr. Stevenson courts destruction makes Ajax's defiance of the lightning seem by comparison but a timorous, cowering gesture. Consider, for example, the most recent episode in a long series: while all active candidates were keeping at least three feet of lead between themselves and the politically radioactive Visitation from Moscow, Stevenson serenely made contact with the Muscovite, chatted with him at length, and later expressed the opinion that Mr. K really doesn't want war, at least not now.

Since Mr. K, these many years, could have had war whenever he did want it, the opinion would seem to be well founded. But that is not the point. The point is that it has been widely assumed that any potential candidate who shook hands with the Communist, and above all, one of whom the Communist spoke with admiration, must thereafter sizzle with political gamma rays to such an extent that every Geiger counter within a hundred yards would blow a gasket. Yet apparently nothing happened to Adlai.

As befits the titular leader of the party, he looks with equally-measured benevolence on each and every active candidate. This is correct. For him to show partiality would transform him at once from titular leader into putative boss, which would never do. And yet this very impartiality forbids him to make a firm reply to the despairing yell of his still devoted followers: "If not Adlai, who?"

It is frequently asserted that the 23 millions who went down the line with Stevenson were animated by a personal devotion comparable to that of the Bryanites, or the followers of Theodore Roosevelt, but it is probably a myth. Certainly a very large proportion of the Stevenson men are devoted not to the man, but to the type; show them a candidate like Stevenson, only more so, and they will switch their allegiance in a flash. But thus far they have not been able to descry one; hence the yell.

The quality of the man is that he is not afraid to take the obvious next step. Seven years ago the obvious next step was to clean up the idiotic Cold War that was draining the resources of both this country and Russia. The utmost efforts of Truman and Acheson had not been able to effect it, so it was plainly time to try something else; but not until last month did the Administration get around to doing anything radically different from the methodology that the previous Administration had already exhausted. It would be rash to assert positively that Stevenson would have done better had be been elected; but he couldn't have done less and he certainly would have done differently, so it is quite possible that he would have done more.

It must be admitted that a man receptive to ideas may receive some bad ones; but in the art of government all ideas eventually go bad, so an Administration proof against new ones must inevitably find its stock deteriorated. Up to the date of the invitation to Khrushchev, the most memorable innovations introduced by the Eisenhower Administration were getting Jefferson off the postage stamps and changing the name of Shangri-La to Camp David. It is a reasonable assumption that we shall continue to hang on dead center until we find leadership capable not merely of thinking, but of thinking new thoughts.

Where is the Democrat capable of meeting that specification? Adlai, yes, but if not Adlai, who? Kennedy? Johnson? Humphrey? Symington? Proper gentlemen, certainly – "so are they all, all honorable men" – but that is not the question.

President Eisenhower is an honorable man, so is Herter, so was Dulles, but if any of them knew how to take the next step he has not demonstrated it, unless the visit of Khrushchev leads to a step forward, which remains to be seen.

So the non-candidacy of the man who isn't running has thus far been a complete bust, and its prospects remain dim. According to the form sheet, Adlai was politically embalmed, cremated and buried in 1956, but the ghost walks. The way to lay it is, of course, very simple. It is no more than to produce a leader whose freshness of thought, clarity of vision, and moral courage unquestionably surpass that of Stevenson's. That and that alone will answer the question and still the clamor of the 23 millions.

It would also cause a considerable number of us to die of heart-failure from the shock.

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THE FACTS ABOUT NIXON – III

How did he become so controversial? Why has it so often been said that he "can't win" in 1960? In the first two parts of this "unauthorized biography," Mr. Costello examined these questions and went on to describe Nixon's hard-working, unfrivolous youth, the influence of his highly moral Quaker upbringing, and his successes as high school debater, campus politician and poker-playing naval officer during the war.

1946–The First Campaign

by William Costello

It was August, 1945. World War II was ending and for the first time in six years Republicans dared turn their attention from the instant peril of Fascism toward the object of their first hatred, the New Deal. In California's 12th Congressional District, sprawling across the brown foothills from the southern border of Los Angeles to the San Gabriel mountains, Republicans for 10 years had been trying to unseat Rep. Jerry Voorhis. The son of a millionaire father, Voorhis was an idealist who had once in his youth registered as a socialist, a political evangelist who drifted into politics in the wake of Upton Sinclair's EPIC (End Poverty in California) movement and wound up in the Democratic Party. His record had caused Washington correspondents to vote him the "best Congressman west of the Mississippi," and caused California bankers and oil men to call him the worst.

Voorhis had voted for federal control of tidelands oil, and had initiated legislation that curtailed the profits of banks dealing in government bonds. He had worked for cheap credit, cooperatives and public power. He was unassailably anti-Communist, had in fact, introduced the measure which eventually became the Voorhis Act, Public Law 870; this measure required that any organization controlled by a foreign government must register with the Justice Department. As a member of the Dies Un-American Activities Committee, he had fought Communism and Communist penetration of the CIO-PAC until he felt compelled to resign as a protest against the committee's investigatory methods. The West Coast Communist paper, *People's World*, complained bitterly that "Voorhis is against unity with Communists on any issue under any circumstances."

At the moment that MacArthur was preparing for his triumphant entry into Tokyo, a group of GOP businessmen, bankers and party workers of the 12th District met in the San Morino area to explore the 1946 election outlook. Voorhis still looked unbeatable. They had no likely candidate of their own in sight. Still, the election was 15 months away, and they voted to try again. The decision was to form a candidate-finding "Committee of One Hundred," and to launch the drive they circulated a publicity handout that got feature display in 26 newspapers in the district:

> "Wanted: Congressman candidate with no previous experience to defeat a man who has represented the district in the House for 10 years. Any young man, resident of the district, preferably a veteran, fair education, no political strings or obligations and possessed of a few ideas for betterment of country at large, may apply for the job. Applicants will be reviewed by 100 interested citizens who will guarantee support but will not obligate the candidate in any way."

It was Herman L. Perry, head of the Bank of America in the prosperous citrus and avocado county of Whittier, who first proposed Nixon's name. Uncle Herman, as he was called, was a conservative in every fiber. As Perry explained it later, he and Nixon's grandfather Milhous were Quakers together and had served on the Whittier College board of trustees. Before the war Nixon's law offices were in the Bank of America building. Perry had observed Richard Nixon and found in him ". . . the personal appeal, the legal qualifications. He had been in Washington and around the world. In my mind he was a natural."

Nixon's first intimation that political lightning had struck came in the form of a telegram asking him to telephone Perry. At that moment, still in the uniform of a lieutenant-commander, Nixon was handling contract termination work for the Navy in Baltimore. For him as for millions of other civilian soldiers, it was an anxious moment. His wife was expecting a child, and his separation from the service would be only a matter of weeks. To friends in Washington he confided that he must soon begin looking for a job, and he found it hard to choose between Washington and a return to the

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drudgery of a small-town law office in Whittier.

Over the phone, Perry asked two questions: Was Nixon a Republican and was he available? On the second point, there was never an instant's doubt: he was very much available! On the other point, legend has tried to suggest a doubt, for Nixon is said to have replied: "I guess I'm a Republican. I voted for Dewey in 1944."

Attempts have been made to infer from this casual response that there actually might be reason to question Nixon's original dedication to Republicanism. The facts hardly warrant such a suspicion. On settling in Whittier before the war, Nixon had registered as a Republican, June 5, 1938. His Whittier law partner, Thomas Bewley, was GOP city attorney. In 1940 Nixon campaigned for Willkie. To be able to vote for Dewey in 1944, he had to take the trouble to cast an absentee ballot from the South Pacific. Nixon's parents were lifelong Republicans. His mother once recalled the time in 1916 when her sympathies turned to Woodrow Wilson and "when I told Mr. Nixon he just went pale and white."

There is no reason to believe that the idea of entering politics came as anything of a novelty to Nixon. As early as 1937 Dean H. Claude Horack at Duke had discussed with him the subject of politics as a career. Horack's advice was straightforward.

"Dick, if you're really interested in politics," he said, "go back to your home town and establish yourself in a law firm."

And that was exactly what he did.

After his telephone conversation with Perry, Nixon waited only long enough to receive the committee's $300 expense check before flying to California. In the interval, however, Perry had been busy, having written a personal letter to each of the 100 committee members, plugging his candidate. When Nixon arrived back in California the stage had been set; there was no opposition. The *Whittier News* of October 3, 1945, reporting on Nixon's appearance before the selection committee September 29 at the William Penn Hotel, said the whole affair consumed only 10 minutes. Nixon told the committee that he recognized two schools of thought about the nature of the American system.

"One advocated by the New Deal is government control in regulating our lives," he said. "The other calls for individual freedoms and all that initiative can produce. I hold with the latter viewpoint. I believe the returning veterans – and I have talked to many of them in the foxholes – will not be satisfied with a dole or a government handout. They want a respectable job in private industry where they will be recognized for what they produce, or they want an opportunity to start their own business. If the choice of this committee comes to me, I will be prepared to put on an aggressive and vigorous campaign on a platform of progressive liberalism designed to return our district to the Republican Party." The committee's first vote, with 77 members present, was 55 to 22 or 63 to 14, depending on whose memory seems most trustworthy. The second ballot made it unanimous.

Schooling, Chotiner Style

Nixon had the good fortune to learn in his first campaign that there was a trick to winning elections – indeed a whole bagful of tricks – and he proved himself an apt pupil. His teacher was his campaign adviser, Murray Chotiner, a Los Angeles lawyer who was to remain one of Nixon's political intimates until he ran afoul of a Senate investigating subcommittee in 1956.

Chotiner was one of the fathers of the new Madison-Avenue-style politics in America. For years neighboring Hollywood had shown what could be done with movie stars and crooners in conditioning and manipulating public attitudes. The early crudities of press agentry had over the years been refined. Big business had added respectability by pioneering market research, opinion polling, mass advertising and the niceties of product identification.

Chotiner's discovery was that, by choosing an acceptable stereotype, political personalities could also be packaged and merchandised without reference to any of the serious issues of life and politics.

California was an ideal field for experimentation in new social technologies of this kind because the state's political terrain was a partisan wonderland. Hiram Johnson's 1911 revolt against corruption and bossism in the parties had crystallized in statute form; it wiped out patronage, installed nonpartisan city governments, outlawed nominating conventions, and threw primaries open to everyone. By legitimatizing "cross-filing," it turned the primaries into a weird partisan Donnybrook.

California politics became even more unpredictable as a result of the massive migration that tripled the state's population in a single generation between 1930 and 1955. There were years of restless change – of depression and drought and war and new industrial growth. Before 1930, California had been rock-ribbed Republican: in that year out of 120 legislators at Sacramento only 13 were Democrats. By the time Nixon was old enough to run for office, Republicans were outnumbered on the registration lists by a million votes.

Starting with an uninformed and disorganized electorate, winning elections became an exercise in the arts of communication. Chotiner had tested his skill on Earl Warren and William Knowland, and when it came Nixon's turn Chotiner knew what to do and how to do it, complete with scripts, speeches, itineraries, issues, surveys, billboards, campaign clubs and offstage whispers.

There was nothing haphazard about Chotiner's methods, a fact which might not have been generally recog-

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nized had not the Republican National Committee in 1955 prevailed on him to tour the country giving secret lectures at GOP "political schools." A transcript of one of these lectures was circulated after it fell into the hands of an enterprising reporter, and it thus became possible to study in some detail the techniques by which Nixon's career was advanced.

Chotiner's lecture started from a thoroughly logical premise that "in this great medium of politics, where millions of dollars are spent, where huge manpower is used in the conduct of a campaign . . . it is important that we realize that we have to use more professionals." In order to realize on an investment of this kind running into the millions, Chotiner advocated leaving nothing to chance. In the case of Knowland and Nixon, he said, the campaign "began one full year ahead." And why start so early?

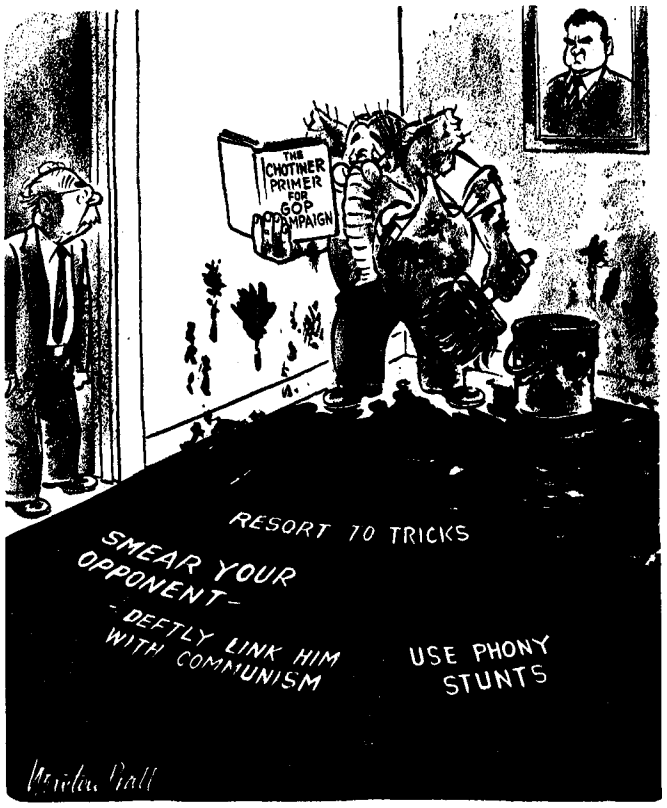
"Because," the professor explained, "you need that time to deflate your opposition. . . . There are many people who say we don't want that kind of campaign in our state. They say we want to conduct a constructive campaign and point out the merits of our own candidate. I say to you in all sincerity that if you do not deflate the opposition candidate before your own candidate gets started, the odds are that you are going to be doomed to defeat."

With a deft, passionless, surgical touch, Chotiner went on to dissect the anatomy of campaigning. "What is the difference between legitimate attack and smear?" he inquired. "It is not a smear, if you please, if you point out the record of your opponent. . . .Of course, it is always a smear, naturally, when it is directed to our own candidate."

To illustrate, Chotiner cited an unrecorded episode from the 1946 Senate race in which Knowland beat Will Rogers, Jr. Knowland had given "explicit instructions that under no circumstances were we ever to say a word against the opposition candidate." The staff, however, was in no wise deterred by this order.

"A search was made of the record of Will Rogers, Jr.," he confided. "Among his many activities was a contribution to the *People's Daily World* in Los Angeles; a paper, let us say to be charitable, that has espoused a left-wing philosophy in a very extreme nature. A member of the Democratic State Central Committee made up a 'white paper' in which was listed the record of Will Rogers, Jr., and it was sent out broadside throughout the state of California, obviously not from our headquarters."

Chotiner's political maxims were heavily tinged with pragmatism. When your candidate is under attack, Nixon's manager counseled, don't answer until the opposition has exhausted its ammunition; you may find the public is disinterested. "But if you find the attack has reached such proportions that it can no longer be avoided in any way, when you answer it, do so with an attack of your own against the opposition for having launched it in the first place."


THE CHOTINER PRIMER FOR GOP CAMPAIGN
RESORT TO TRICKS
SMEAR YOUR OPPONENT -
- DEFTLY LINK HIM WITH COMMUNISM
USE PHONY STUNTS

How Not To Do It

"May I suggest to you," said Chotiner, alluding to the Checkers speech, "that I think the classic that will live in all political history came on September 23, 1952, from Los Angeles, California, when the candidate for the Vice Presidency answered, if you please, with an attack against those who made one on him!"

In 1955 Nixon himself testified to his interest in these techniques when he spoke before the Radio and Television Executives Society. In an effort to be helpful to the broadcasters, he offered some clinical suggestions. In particular he stressed the importance of "sincerity" in a TV address and explained how sincerity could best be achieved. Do away with a written text, he advised, and use instead "your fireside chat, a straightforward, sincere type of presentation." This approach, Nixon emphasized, does not mean the speech is unprepared. It should *seem* unprepared, but to create this impression requires more not less work.

"A good off-the-cuff informal speech takes more preparation than a speech you read, and the candidate must realize that he can't just get up there and talk off-the-cuff without having spent hours in preparation," Nixon said. His advice on this occasion offered a new insight into the speech he delivered March 13, 1954, when Stevenson had criticized the Administration as "half-Eisenhower and half-McCarthy." "I don't have a prepared written text," Nixon said on that occasion in

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opening his rebuttal. "I find that when I feel very strongly on a subject I speak a little more effectively when I just refer to the notes that I've made myself."

Out of his experience over a dozen years Nixon distilled a set of precepts which, however valid as an explanation of his private motivation, still reflect the basic tactics of Chotinerism. Axioms like:

> "In a political campaign you've got to dramatize your case."
>
> "You should fight the battle on the ground on which you are strongest; avoid the tactical error of fighting on your opponent's strongest ground."
>
> "Whenever anybody attacks, the way to answer is not simply to defend but to take the offensive."

Enter the Communist Issue

The political atmosphere in 1946 was ideally suited to the Chotiner-Nixon style of in-fighting. It was the year of "Had enough? – vote Republican!" – the year that returned the Republican 80th Congress, later castigated by Harry Truman as the "do-nothing" Congress.

Chotiner did not actually serve as Nixon's campaign manager in his first bid for public office, for at that time his energies were chiefly engaged in masterminding William Knowland's Senate campaign. But by agreement with the GOP district chairman, for a $500 fee, he undertook to serve also as part-time publicity man and consultant for Nixon, a considerable favor to be granted a political neophyte whose chances were less than sanguine.

Because the Committee of One Hundred had been far-sighted enough to pick Nixon 13 months before the election, and because his Navy discharge came shortly afterward, he had almost the full year recommended by Chotiner to prepare his first campaign. He returned to California in January, 1946. During the war Pat had worked and saved and Nixon had played poker with better than average success; their savings together amounted to $10,000, a nest egg which they had guarded as a down payment on a home. Now, as a gesture of faith in his political future, they agreed to gamble half their savings on the election and invested the other half as the down payment on a house.

Filing date for the primaries was March 19, and Nixon like Voorhis cross-filed on both the Democratic and Republican tickets. Nixon tackled the drudgery of canvassing the district, speaking when and where he could. One factor worked in his favor: he had full time for campaigning while his opponent was tied down with Congressional duties in Washington. It is a sidelight on his political adaptability that he campaigned in his lieutenant-commander's uniform until he became aware that gold stripes were almost an affront to rank-conscious ex-GI's; after that he hastened to get back into mufti. The primary campaign was innocuous, but the vote when it came in June was not reassuring for the young war veteran. Voorhis walked off with the Democratic nomination, and polled enough in the Republican primary to give him a lead of 7,000 votes over Nixon's total.

Nixon was well aware of the odds against him. Discussing it years later he said, "Voorhis looked impossible to defeat. He was intelligent, experienced, he had a national reputation and came from a well-known family. Why did I take it? I am a pessimist, but, if I figure I've got a chance, I'll fight for it. And I thought *this was as good a time as any to get into politics.*"

Nixon, as his campaign leaflets billed him, was the "clean, forthright young American who fought in defense of his country in the stinking mud and jungles of the Solomons" while Voorhis had "stayed safely behind the front in Washington." The campaign began on that wholesome note, but it took a sinister turn at the Republicans' kickoff rally in Whittier, August 29.

"I want you to know," said Nixon, "that I am your candidate primarily because there are no special strings attached to me. I have no support from any special interest or pressure group. I welcome the opposition of the PAC, with its Communist principles and its huge slush fund."

Until that time, there had been no allusion to Communism and no reason to believe that the CIO or its Political Action Committee (the PAC) was even tangentially involved in the 12th District contest. It was a fact that at that period certain CIO unions in California, notably those of the oil, steel, auto and rubber workers, had been penetrated by Communists; and that some country and state organizations had not been cleansed of the Red taint. It was also a fact, then as later, that labor support had generally been thrown on the side of Democratic candidates rather than Republican.

No hint of the Communist issue had appeared in Nixon's primary campaign; and there was no lack of evidence that Voorhis had long and consistently opposed both Communism and left-wing extremism in the labor movement. Nevertheless, following the August 29 kickoff speech, Communism became the principal issue. Ten years later Nixon was quoted by one of his biographers as saying that "Communism was not the issue at any time in the '46 campaign. Few people knew about Communism then, and even fewer cared."

In view of the record it is difficult to see how Nixon could have made that statement. In one of his campaign leaflets which was headed "America needs new leadership now," the text asserts: "A vote for Nixon is a vote against . . . socialization of free American institutions; against . . . the PAC (Political Action Committee), its Communist principles and its gigantic slush fund." The same leaflet goes on to say: "Basically the issue to be settled in this election is conflict between political phi-

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losophies. The present Congressman from this district has consistently supported the socialization of free American institutions."

Nixon and other campaigners on his behalf repeatedly referred to Voorhis as "the PAC candidate and his Communist friends." In an attempt to put a stop to these charges Voorhis ran an advertisement in the *Whittier News* September 11, saying: "It is a matter of record published in newspapers throughout the state that the CIO Political Action Committee does not endorse my re-election."

Later when Voorhis' denials began to catch up with the GOP charge, Nixon quoted from a report by a committee of the Los Angeles chapter of the national PAC organization recommending that the national group endorse Voorhis. As it turned out, the national group did *not* endorse him. Yet by waving this committee proposal before Voorhis at one campaign meeting, Nixon established in the minds of many voters a suspicion that Voorhis had indeed allied himself with the Communists.

What emerged little by little as the campaign progressed was the technique later known as "guilt-by-association," a distinct innovation in American political mores, an imputation not of partisan unfitness but of treason itself. Who introduced it? Since Nixon had not resorted to this device in the primary, the weight of evidence pointed toward some influence outside his own 12th District. It pointed in the general direction of national GOP headquarters. There, party-liners had been given access to a study made at the instance of the United States Chamber of Commerce, whose object, using the new sociological techniques of motivational research, was to find a popular issue capable of beating the Democrats.

What the study showed in summary was: (a) the public feared Communism and would vote against it; (b) Communists had infiltrated some labor organizations, notably the CIO; (c) organized labor had favored and was in some areas deeply involved in Democratic Party politics. The report charged "a real and dangerous penetration of government," speculated that "a half-dozen Communists may have gotten into our national legislature." It suggested that Democratic politicians, fearful of the PAC's power, kowtowed to the organization (and therefore to the Communists) in picking candidates. The survey therefore recommended to Republican candidates that by linking Communism to labor, and labor in turn to the Democratic Party, the very weakness of the Republican Party could be used as a means of shifting the political center of gravity from left to right, and could be transformed into an instrument for the undoing of the Democrats.

Ads blanketed the 32 district newspapers, only one of which was for Voorhis, with one other neutral. Typical of these ads was one on October 18, in the *Covina Argus-Citizen*, a half-page display which told voters among other things:

> "Don't Be Fooled Again!
>
> "Five times Jerry Voorhis has had the support of the radical groups because he was at one time a registered Socialist. . . .
>
> "Voorhis has the endorsement of the National PAC because he voted their viewpoint 43 times out of 46 opportunities during the past four years.
>
> "While he has been carrying the Democratic colors in recent years for his political purposes, REMEMBER, Voorhis is a former registered Socialist and his voting record in Congress is more Socialistic and Communistic than Democratic."

Voorhis later said not all the campaign was fought in the open. A variety of tricky stories were circulated for the edification of the gullible. One, for example, insisted that Voorhis had voted to increase the ceiling price on Florida oranges but not on California oranges – a palpable invention, since no one in the history of Congress ever voted on such a proposition. There was pressure on merchants not to sign newspaper statements supporting Voorhis, on pain of forfeiting their bank credit. An editor who wrote a friendly editorial was evicted by his landlord. Reports were circulated, falsely, that Voorhis was trying to stop the production of beer and liquor.

A telephone campaign was carried on by Nixon supporters, but whether with the candidate's knowledge has never been clear. "This is a friend of yours," an anonymous caller would say. "I just want you to know that Jerry Voorhis is a Communist." Then the phone would click dead. One biographer has called this whispering campaign an "invention of typewriter pundits," but the story has been amply corroborated.

The Congressman later called it "the bitterest campaign I have ever experienced." What caused his cup of bitterness to run over was a series of five debates that climaxed the contest. They had their origin in a sentimental gesture. After the birth of 'Tricia, Congressman Voorhis had sent the Nixons, as he did all new parents

NEXT WEEK: *Mr. Costello describes what happened in 1950 to the lady named Douglas*

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in his district, a government pamphlet on *Baby Care*. To it he attached a note saying "Congratulations. I look forward to meeting you soon in public." When Nixon, as a newcomer in politics, found that he was not getting the crowds and that his campaign was bogging down despite unflagging effort, he took a calculated risk. Reverting to the implied invitation, he challenged the incumbent to a series of debates; and Voorhis, who had himself won his first victory after a similar encounter, rose confidently to the challenge. Some of Nixon's advisers were aghast, but with Chotiner's support he argued: "If I don't carry the fight to Voorhis, this campaign will never get off the ground." Nixon was not only right in his political estimate of the situation, but he also had the advantage of knowing his own skills and training as a debater.

Voorhis Goes Down

The first debate took place at a South Pasadena high school, and the challenger at once seized the initiative. He quoted out of context one of Voorhis' books on monetary policy and demanded an explanation; the Democrat consumed his time in a rambling, irrelevant and unconvincing justification. Nixon, waving a paper in a manner later made famous by Joseph McCarthy, charged that it contained evidence that Voorhis had received the endorsement of the National Citizens PAC, and Voorhis labored vainly with denials. Again, Nixon accused the Congressman of voting for gas rationing, for meat rationing, for grain rationing. From first to last the incumbent was on the defensive, floundering awkwardly, putting out imaginary brush-fires.

After it was over, Voorhis turned to his long-time campaign manager, Chet Holifield, and asked hopefully, "How did it go?" "Jerry," said Holifield, "he cut you to pieces. He had you on the defensive all the way. He picked the battle ground and you let him fight on his own terms."

Voorhis sighed. "What do you suggest?" "You have two choices," Holifield said. "You can either get in there and make a slugging match of it, no holds barred. Or you can cancel the other four debates – refuse to appear with him on the ground that he is using dirty tactics."

Voorhis shook his head slowly and said, "You know I can't do that. I have given my word to meet him in five debates, and I can only keep my word."

Those debates finished Voorhis and made Nixon. As the crowds grew, the 33-year-old challenger accelerated his attack. The crowds caught the smell of blood – the drama of the Old Champ who was in for a beating at the hands of an appealing youngster. Nixon never relaxed the pace of the first encounter; he maintained a slashing, hit-run offensive that shifted ground constantly and never gave Voorhis a chance to get set.

"There are those walking in high official places in our country," Nixon declaimed, "who would destroy our constitutional principles through socialization of American free institutions. There are the people who front for un-American elements, wittingly or otherwise, by advocating increasing federal controls . . ."

By the time the last debate was held, at the San Gabriel mission, the campaign had come to life, and the campaigning technique that was to be Nixon's badge of identification had reached full flower. By a careful blend of innuendo, the sleight-of-hand juggling of words, meaningful non-sequiturs, and controlled displays of indignation, he could impugn his opponent's integrity without ever making a direct accusation. Projecting his debating skills into a new dimension, he learned how to employ the various devices of the half-truth, the misleading quotation, the loose-jointed logic that were indispensable in creating the Big Doubt.

When the votes were counted, Nixon had been elected by a margin of 64,784 to 49,431.

The sequel was anticlimactic. It came in the form of a letter from the defeated Congressman. Back in Washington, packing his files and musing over his experiences in a decade of hard service, Voorhis told his successor in a long, generous letter:

> "I remember most poignantly the time . . . when I first came to Washington. Little did I realize then all that the job entailed. . . . During the 10 years of my service I came to have a profound respect for the Congress of the United States and to realize the critical importance of its work. . . .
>
> "This letter is simply to say, as I said in my newspaper release after the election at home, that I sincerely wish you well as you undertake the tremendous responsibilities which will soon be yours. . . . I want you to know that I will be glad to be of any help that you believe I can render."

There was another paragraph, not often quoted by Nixon's friends, but a source of comfort to his enemies. "I have refrained," said Voorhis, "for reasons which I am sure you will understand, from making any references in this letter to the circumstances of the campaign recently conducted in our District. It would only have spoiled the letter."

A couple of weeks later, Voorhis related in his book, he returned from lunch to find Nixon standing in his outer office. They smiled and shook hands. They talked in the inner office for more than an hour and parted, Voorhis said, "I hope and believe as personal friends."

In the pragmatic school where "nice guys finish last," the results spoke for themselves, but events were to prove that Nixon's victory was not without its price.

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Storyteller Strikes Back

by Malcolm Cowley

When I first skimmed through the manuscript of *The Outlaws on Parnassus*, by Margaret Kennedy, I suspected that the author, who is a successful English novelist, was discussing fiction from a purely English point of view. Most of the novels she cites are English; the principal exceptions are the works of those classical or Continental authors whom the English have adopted as honorary ancestors. Thus, she devotes a chapter to *The Odyssey*, describing it – and proving her case, I think – as the work of the first true novelist. She often discusses Tolstoy, Proust and Kafka, but she does not even mention the American authors we most admire. On the other hand, she has many fresh things to say about 19th-Century British novelists, including those whom Americans have practically stopped reading and whom, for that reason, we like to declare unreadable – sometimes without even sampling their best work.

Scott is the famous example – who in this country now reads *The Heart of Midlothian*? – but Thackeray promises to be as widely neglected here. We are either uncompromisingly modern as readers, or else we insist on being edified by Great Books. Of the British novelists whose work falls in the half-century between Dickens and the Bloomsbury Group, the only ones we study are Hardy and Conrad; the others are only names and dates to memorize for examinations. Americans are good at passing examinations. We are very good at getting up a subject – 19th-Century fiction, for example – if it lies in our field of specialization, but comparatively few of us are general readers, and fewer still have the delighted memory of books that used to be called the well stocked mind. Many of us are good lecturers to an audience, but we are poor conversationalists as compared with the English – let alone the French – and the result is that we seldom master the art of writing conversational prose.

Miss Kennedy is admirably English in these respects and, except for some pertinent memories of Hollywood, she keeps her discussion close to home. In the first paragraph of her book she says, "There are no Chairs of Fiction at our Universities." There is none at Oxford, but an American reader is likely to remember that there are several professors of fiction at Harvard, and a Department of Creative Writing at Stanford, and a School of Writing at the University of Iowa, where a student can earn his master's degree by concocting a novel. "Things are different here," the American will say to himself – but are they different in the sense that we even try to teach the art of storytelling as Miss Kennedy would like to have it taught? For those of any nation who are capable of learning the art, or simply of enjoying it, her book is full of perceptive examples.

In her last chapter she attacks the English critics for being civic-minded rather than fiction-minded. When they praise a novel for being "serious in the best sense," a phrase she detests, often they mean to say that the author intends to rouse the public conscience or disseminate ideas for improving society. Once again an American reader will feel that the situation here is vastly different. American critics are still reacting against the civic-mindedness of the 1930's, and now the reaction has gone so far that many of them object to any novel that expresses political convictions or tries to present a broad picture of society. The values our critics would like to impose on fiction are sometimes moral, sometimes intellectual (as when they adjure young writers to develop a sense of irony) and sometimes involved with symbolism, allegory, and the demand for "more than one level of meaning." They are seldom fictional, and I think Miss Kennedy would say that the exact nature of the dogmas is less important than the fact that critics are trying to impose them on storytellers. That is her true complaint, as justified here as it is in England.

Not only does her book have a broader application than appears at first glance; it is also more original. Essentially it is a defense of storytelling against all those who refuse to acknowledge that it is an art in itself. I don't know why the art should need defenders, as it does undoubtedly, or why Miss Kennedy should be the first to come forward – or the first for many years – but apparently everyone else in the literary world has been ashamed of liking just a good story. It isn't an adult taste, the others seem to feel; it isn't intellectual or dignified or socially desirable.

★

Even novelists, when they write about their art, are likely to disparage the narrative element – as E. M. Forster does in *Aspects of the Novel*, where he says that the story is a "low atavistic form" on which a good writer should rely as little as possible, his merit lying rather in the comment he has to offer upon the narrated events. As for professional critics, when they praise a novel it is usually (and for three centuries has almost always been) by describing it as something else than a novel: for example, as an object lesson in morals or manners, as a much needed sermon, as a sweeping social panorama, a searching inquiry into the human psyche or a recreation of the Oedipus myth, but seldom as a story. Miss Kennedy's comment is that a novel can be anything the critics have praised some novels for being, and anything the author is truly impelled to write – even a sermon or a clinical report – but it has to tell a story or it ceases to be a work of fiction. A novel, she says elsewhere,

Mr. Cowley's essay is an introduction to The Outlaws on Parnassus, *by Margaret Kennedy, to be published early next year by the Viking Press.*

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DELAY IS CANCER'S FRIEND

Cancer needs time to develop. The more time you give it, the less curable it becomes. Of the 255,000 Americans struck down by cancer last year, 75,000 died *needlessly*—enough to populate an entire city the size of Racine, Wisconsin or Santa Monica, California. These patients could have been saved if they had sought diagnosis and treatment in time.

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is a conducted tour through the author's personal landscape, and the story is the vehicle that carries the passengers.

Because critics are seldom concerned with narrative in itself, there has been no agreement on the terms used to describe its various features: one man's theme is another man's subject. Even the key word "story" has never been adequately defined. In a chapter that attempts to supply some of the missing definitions, Miss Kennedy says that a story is "A pattern of events so narrated as to evoke an intended response." That is completely accurate so far as it goes, but mightn't it be carried a little farther? It seems to me that any true story consists of four elements. One or more *persons* are involved in a particular *situation*, which leads to some sort of *decision*, as a result of which *something is changed.*

All these elements are essential, but of course they assume a vast number of forms. Instead of being a person, the central character may be a wild animal, a big fish or anything else personified – even a storm or a forest fire, as in two of George R. Stewart's novels. Both the situation and the decision may lie in the past, and the direct narrative may deal only with the perception of change; one example among hundreds is Hemingway's story, "Hills Like White Elephants." In naturalistic novels the decisions are made by nature, not by persons, who merely suffer the effects of natural laws. What this means in effect is that nature (or society) becomes the true protagonist. Most important of all the elements is the something that is changed, but again it takes many forms. In novels of sensibility (or of "egocentric perception," to use Miss Kennedy's sharper phrase) there may be no change whatever in the objective situation, but the hero – or more often the heroine – will have achieved a higher degree of consciousness; that is the something changed, without which there would be no story.

The nature of the change, for better or worse, provides the story with a moral, and that is one thing which readers have never ceased to demand. No matter how sophisticated they may be, they still prefer stories with a pattern or design that implies some general scheme of rewards and punishments. Such patterns, Miss Kennedy says, are becoming harder to find, since life more and more appears to be lacking in harmony and order, until people have come to suspect that it is "a chaos of buses running over them for no reason at all"; that is why they prefer art.

I don't know whether Miss Kennedy intends to draw the lesson that storytellers are compelled to invent more and more of their own patterns without reference to life; but if that *is* her notion, I should like to demur. Life provides, so it seems to me, an abundance of patterns that satisfy our longing for a sort of moral logic. When people come to feel there is no reward in this world for virtue or sagacity, and no retribution for malice, perhaps that is because they hold strait-laced or excessively personal notions of good and evil. Life cannot be expected to devise a bad end for every erring wife, in accordance with the Motion Picture Code. It does, however, enforce a sort of justice in its patient and blundering way – that is, unless it is so busy punishing a nation for collective folly that it has no time for individuals. At such times the individuals, if they survive, are left to punish or reward themselves, and that is what they usually do. Even accidents are often part of a logical design. Buses don't run over a random segment of the population; they run over people who blindly step in front of them, and that blind step is the result, in many cases, of an inner compulsion.

★

What I am trying to say is that life is the only inventor of stories, though most of us don't know how to look for them. We lack the patience to wait for the ending that life provides – *vita longa, ars brevis* – as well as the interpretative imagination that would enable us to recognize the stories when they were found. The so-called creative imagination is combinatory at best and conventional at worst; the true creator is life itself. So Polonius might say – and would Miss Kennedy agree? Considering her dislike for every sort of aesthetic dogma, I think she would answer that Polonius has a right to his own opinion.

She believes that storytellers are best when they play their ancient role of outlaws on Parnassus. The only general rule she would impose on their outlawry is one that seems to grant them

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the utmost personal latitude: What you can do you *may do*. But the rule is less permissive than it sounds, and what each novelist can do is limited by his subject, his skill, and by something she calls "the warrant of inner conviction." Where conviction falters, even great novelists have to fabricate whole scenes – as Miss Kennedy thinks Hardy did when recounting the suicide of Jude's children – while lesser but still highly competent writers often send out for characters to the type-casting agencies. Miss Kennedy has a sharp eye for borrowed characters wherever they appear in high or low fiction. What I most enjoyed in her book was a sureness of discrimination which convinced me, once again, that novelists are the best critics of the novel.

Breakup of a Warrior

by Michael Straight

"It is well that war is so terrible," said Lee at Fredericksburg, "else we should grow too fond of it." John Hersey's new novel is a study of a man who grows too fond of war.

Buzz Marrow, the war lover, is a small town boy from Nebraska; a wanderer of little account in peacetime who becomes a pilot in the Air Force, the *arme blanche* of modern warfare. War presents to Marrow, a Flying Fortress which he names "The Body" and looks on as an extension of himself. War gives him a standing; it absolves him of conscience and responsibility; it makes virtues of his aggressive instincts; yet he is shielded from the sobering experience of witnessing the destruction that he accomplishes.

The War Lover
by John Hersey
(Knopf; $5)

Marrow takes his Fortress twenty-three times into Germany and brings it back unscathed. He invests his crew with the sense of his own inviolability. He eats heartily and sleeps well while others, including Marrow's co-pilot, begin to crumble. The co-pilot's mistress is appalled by Marrow's show of strength. "We ought to worry less about the ones who break down in battle," she says (and clearly she speaks for the author) "and more about what's going to come of those who enjoy it too much. They're going to inflict their curse on the rest of us in peacetime. We'll have other wars."

The qualities that enable Marrow to be decorated as a war hero make him contemptible as a man. His outward bravery in combat conceals his inner fear of being exposed as a coward. His calmness while crews around him go down in flames reflects his inability to feel affection for anyone save himself. His ease of conscience results from his lack of compassion and imagination. "It's the man with imagination who suffers during a war," says Lynch, a sensitive (and short-lived) pilot. "To imagine is to suffer. Really it's very painful but you get used to it. The man without imagination takes a lot; he doesn't even bat an eye. But when he does break, good-bye!"

Marrow breaks on the twenty-fourth mission. His plane is crippled, the myth of his own inviolability is destroyed. He collapses in a coma. "The Body" is left without a brain; the crew has no ready-made substitute for blind and shallow faith. Its survival turns upon Lieutenant Boman, the co-pilot and narrator of the story.

Boman is in every respect the counterpoint to Marrow. He lacks every quality that makes Marrow a fine commander; or rather he possesses each quality, in reverse. He is a mediocre pilot, an unobtrusive officer, an equivocal man. He possesses no image of himself as hero. Far from enjoying war he is driven by his loathing of it to make a personal armistice with the enemy. He is close to collapse when Marrow collapses. But he has been close to collapse for some time. Being in love, he has reason to live. In a moment without hope he moves into Marrow's seat. He saves the crew.

Marrow, in contrast, elects to die. The ending is inescapable from a literary point of view. But Marrow is more than a literary personality. He is both character and symbol; an imperfect mixture. Marrow the symbol may be seen, leading the Legion parade, presiding over the Senate, ranting in the union hall. Marrow the character is less believable in his extreme coarseness, and his love of death. Moreover, character and symbol sometimes work against each other. For example, Marrow the character, in perishing, robs Marrow the symbol of his force – the war lover ceases to be present, as the author insists he is present in all nations, threatening the peace.

A more serious difficulty arises from the problems of form posed by the story. It begins in March, when "The Body" touches down in England. But five months and twenty-three raids must be disposed of before the all-important action occurs. Hersey finds it necessary to bring the focal point forward in his novel. It is not easy. As a novelist he rejects the overworked device of the flashback; as a reporter he finds inappropriate the random shifts in time employed by Faulkner and Proust. Instead, Hersey presents the events of the five months, and those of the twenty-fourth mission, in separate and alternating installments labelled

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The Tour and The Raid. The effect is, to say the least, disconcerting. Thus, in the course of the twenty-fourth raid, "The Body" is attacked head-on by German fighters. Marrow screams in elation; his scream is cut short on page 182, it continues on page 224. Later, as the twenty-fourth raid progresses, "The Body" is blasted open by shellfire. It spirals downward – and the novel reverts to a day in July. Not only the raid but every event of significance is fractured. Some are brought to the reader's attention too soon, some too late. Thus, Boman makes it plain from the start that Marrow is a bastard; he denies the reader the right to discover it for himself. At the same time, on page 8, Boman raises the question of whether his mistress has just been to bed with Marrow. Boman knows the answer, but for 370 pages he keeps it to himself.

What possible advantage can this structure provide that can outweigh its obvious faults? The answer presumably is tension. By suspending the all-important action; by distributing it throughout the story, this form of novel can be made to carry an amount of tension that no other structure could stand. But tension is no end in itself. It forces the reader to rush where he should pause and reflect. It makes the hold of the author upon the reader more of a bear hug than an embrace.

Tension is of course an American characteristic. Suspended action is the traditional method by which American novelists, particularly those with little to say, arrest a public that is forever hurrying on. John Hersey is under no such pressure. His argument in *The War Lover* is powerful if not conclusive; his ability to recreate the past is unique. The veteran will shiver as Lynch is buried by the numbers; the pilot will tighten his fist around imaginary controls as Boman heads "The Body" for England and remember with intense gratitude a plane long gone. No bomber was more graceful than the Fortress or more forgiving; none took such punishment or tried so hard to bring its crews home.

Life in Betjeman-Land

by T. J. Ross

Like Tennyson, Betjeman writes best, and most often, about the moment of anticipation rather than of fulfillment or aftermath. And like Tennyson's, his poems abound with evening scenes, scenes snapped on the eve of the coming dance, or rendezvous, or solitary meditation, or sudden death. Notice, for example, how the poet takes Tennyson's seemingly matchless lines,

> Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
> Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
> Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
> The firefly wakens; waken thou with me.

and matches them with

> . . . Now drains the color from the convolvulus,
> The windows of Trenain are flashing fire,
> Black sways the tamarisk against the West,
> And bathing things are taken in from sills.

Betjeman's sun is dropping past a beach resort, rather than a palace walk and, as one would expect in modern verse, the splendorous moment is tempered by a dash of the mundane. But neither the lushly syllabic convolvulus losing its color to the dimming dusk nor the dried bathing things being yanked indoors are evoked simply to score one, in parody, off the Master; rather, their inclusion serves to keep things on a non-grand scale. Though his ear is as flawless as Tennyson's and his effects sometimes as remarkable, Betjeman creates a world which, unlike the Victorian's, is a miniature.

Death strikes frequently, usually in the evening, in a small place and on a small scale:

> She died in the upstairs bedroom
> By the light of the evening star
> That shone through the plate glass window
> From over Leamington Spa.

The poet always gives the exact name of the ordinarily unsung site where a person has suffered a death-pang, or a sex-pang, or an intimation of mortality, or a fit of class spleen, and the poet's keynote is not a coquettish pathos. For Betjeman, Nature signifies simply the ravaging storms of Time.

His relish for nomenclature marks his relish of his own civilization, his beloved "long-known little things" of a civilization he loves because it is tidy enough to be catalogued. Things fall in place, and the center holds.

The arch-victims of Time are the poet himself, quiet-lived dons, or shivering matrons:

> . . . Harold serves again
> And Mrs. Purdom says its getting cold,
> Miss Myatt shivers, Lady Lambourn thinks
> These English evenings are a little damp
> And dreams herself again in fair Shanghai.

In Betjeman-land, lower class players lose at tennis courts, dance halls, or football pools. Even if they've made out in business they develop

> . . . plump white fingers made to curl
> Round some anaemic city girl.

Things are kept in scale. What uptips the scale, on occasion, is a far from anaemic winner like Bonzo (readers familiar with the Betjeman terrain will have recognized that sporty steady Bonzo – despite the nickname – is a girl). Awaiting Bonzo by a "twilit

Collected Poems
by John Betjeman
(Houghton Mifflin; $4)

"LAST YEAR *Mayor Wagner announced his refusal to greet Ibn Saud—on the grounds that Ibn Saud discriminates against Jews. Now Nikita Khrushchev not only discriminates against Jews, he kills them. On the other hand, he does much the same thing to Catholics and Protestants. Could that be why Mr. Wagner consented to honor Khrushchev? Krushchev murders people without regard to race, color or creed, that is, on straight FEPC lines; and therefore, whatever he is guilty of, he is not guilty of discrimination. Is that the new rationality?*"

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hedge," Lady Lambourn's not-so-cool son, John, feels

. . . a tightening in his throat
So tender, he could brush away the sand
Dried up in patches on her freckled-legs,
Could hold her gently till the stars went down
. . . . .
Could worship God and rocks and stones and trees
Be nicer to his mother, kill himself
If that would make him pure enough for her.

You see what I mean by anticipation. There is, however, a wryness in the rendering here which saves the passage from banality. Betjeman rarely tries for the all-out *cri du coeur* of which Tennyson was mightily capable:

I have led her home, my love, my only friend
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wished-for end
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

Whenever Betjeman involves himself and his reader totally with the subject as in "A Child Ill" (originally titled "To My Son, Aged Eight") the result is poor. Only when he keeps at a flirtatious distance from a somber (or gala) theme does he manage the delicate feat of raising his material beyond the level of a *Ladies Home Companion* ooze to the plateaus of first-rate minor art. Contrast this vision of Promise, for example, to the lines of Tennyson that I quoted before:

Over the redolent pinewoods, in at the bathroom casement,
One fine Saturday, Windlesham bells shall call:
Up the Butterfield aisle rich with Gothic enlacement,
Licensed now for embracement,
Pam and I, as the organ
Thunders over you all.

Pam, with her "arrogant love-lock," her skill at tennis, and her sizeable thighs, is another in the poet's gallery of well-behaved broad-shouldered lasses. Other features these girls share are wide-apart blue eyes, blonde or reddish hair and "*retroussé*" "tip-tilted" noses. On the fringe of this group of upper class Insiders are certain amply proportioned Outsiders – adventuresses like the "Station Syren," or dieting office girls. The Outsiders are usually brown-eyed brunettes in tweeds, who don't get their man and spend their time reading Warwick Deeping.

Reviewers of Betjeman revel in his nostalgia, pious anti-materialism, and razzmattaz about class. But this poet's huddling fear of Time is based on something more ordinary, and more material, than nostalgic twinges; nor will his best effects be found in his joshing jingles about low-born oafishness (what really makes Betjeman see red, in fact, is not Class, but Calvinism).

The Olympian girl is the poet's Muse:

Oh! Plung! my darling, break my strings
For you I will do brilliant things.

She is as integral to Betjeman's landscape as the neurotic, forsaken, fragile girl is to Tennyson's or (in nice contrast!) the ill-behaved, mincing nymphet to Nabokov's. Innocent, she is unaware of the influence of her form on the doting aging poet; it is these dotings which summon up remembrances, and visions, of Time's force – and lead therefore to Betjeman's equally trembling dotings on Death:

But I've a picture of my own
On this reunion night,
Wherein two skeletons are shewn
To hold each other tight;

Dark sockets look on emptiness
Which once was loving-eyed,
The mouth that opens for a kiss
Has got no tongue inside.

This is the Housmanian rhythm and lament with a sharper bite. In like manner, "The Song of the Night Club Proprietress" builds to that tittering *schadenfreude* which, like the sweet-sounding catalogue, is a Betjeman hallmark. In her establishment one morning after, the proprietress broods about

. . . [the] sun upon the summer-going bypass
Where everything is speeding to the sea . . .

Raised to grandiloquence by self-pity, she remembers the time in her youth

When my nose excited passion . . .

then cries out:

But I'm dying now and done for
What on earth was all the fun for
For I'm old and ill and terrified and tight.

In an earlier version (which may be found in *A Few Late Chrysanthemums*), the last line reads:

For God's sake keep that sunlight out of sight.

Surely the original version is much more in keeping with the character of the monologuist and the structure of her monologue, in which the sun image is developed right down the line.

One of Betjeman's most haunting poems "The Flight From Bootle" has not been included in this collection. It may be found, together with a group of glittering prose sketches of Oxford life and types of the past, in a volume called *Slick But Not Streamlined.*

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ART

The Multiple Image

The oldest equipment for print-making and one of the last to be utilized is the set of prints we all carry around on the tips of our fingers. Two characteristics of those little whorls make it dangerous to crack our neighbor's safe or to do in our coy mistress with blows from an eight day clock. These are multiplicity and originality: you can leave fingerprints all over the world and all over the years and they will always be the same, your own, identifiable, original. The same two characteristics distinguish the other forms of print-making,

American Prints Today
Now on view in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Washington, Los Angeles and San Francisco

but it is only now, with "American Prints Today," the first show of the recently formed Print Council of America, that print curators have caught up with police courts.

With more people than ever before interested in spending a few bucks on art for the living room, prints are a multiple blessing – to those who make and to those who buy, yet the blessing is too much unrealized. Reproductions of paintings still take up more domestic wall space than prints and the very word "print" is as often as not used to mean a reproduction of a painting. Unlike a lot of paintings, prints are still being made in a housebroken size and, unlike all paintings, you can still buy first rate prints for the few dollars you may have to spend. The range in the Council's show is from $22.50 to $123.50, matted, express collect. Incidentally, you can still get, if you know where to look, prints by such masters as Goya and Rouault within the same general price range.

All of this is hammered home in the Council's show. It isn't one show, it's eight and it will have played in sixteen museums by the end of the year and it's the same show everywhere. The 62 prints are now on view at the Whitney in New York and in museums in Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Washington, Los Angeles and San Francisco. On November 10, the show opens in Hartford, Manchester, N.H., Norfolk, Detroit, Memphis, Minneapolis, St. Louis and Chicago.

The show itself indicates a remarkable return to tradition in American printmaking. The trend has been in evidence for some years, but it has really carried the day in the Council's show. Wood cuts, wood engravings, etchings and lithographs are all present, and all of them in considerable profusion.

There are only three serigraphs, or silk-screen prints, and two of them are by Ben Shahn, crisp line drawings of a lute with molecules and of a wheat field, both enlivened by a few spots of bright color, hand applied. The serigraph is a peculiarly American invention, having been rescued from the tainted hands of advertising art mostly by project artists during the WPA. It has been very popular and only a few years ago threatened to take over the field completely, for two reasons: It's a lot easier, being a stencil process, and usually, it's a lot more colorful than most artists manage to be in the traditional processes.

But, like reformations, counter-reformations can go too far, and I think this one has, by so completely ignoring the most current work in the silk-screen field. To be sure a lot was lost when American printmakers *en masse* hit the silk but the serigraph has produced and to my personal knowledge is still producing good work. Some of it ought to be in the show. Ruth Gikow, for instance, a pioneer artist in silk-screen, is not represented; neither is André Girard, whose serigraphs on the "Sayings of Jesus" are one of the few ambitious and successful print series in years.

Dean Meeker, an original and forceful silk-screen man, is represented by an intaglio print of a surgeon with his tools. (Among Meeker's distinctions two deserve mention: his work alone convinced the great print curator, Carl Schniewind, that serigraphs can be art; and a few years back Meeker had a print accepted for exhibition and then hastily rejected by the National Academy on the grounds that serigraphs can't be art no matter how good they happen to be.)

As the song says about dames, however, we should be thankful for the things they've got and the prints in the Council's show have a lot and specifically a lot that has been missing in recent big exhibitions of prints dominated by serigraphs. The tone of the show is black and white, while the tone of the all-serigraph shows has been the staged riot of color the printmakers lifted from contemporary painting. Lifted from the same source in too much current serigraphy has been the complete break with the visible world and the deliberate effort to look like a happy accident. You can be accidental with a silk-screen, whereas real accident in wood, metal or stone is likely to make you start all over again. Both these notes have been largely corrected in the show now at the Whitney and elsewhere. Black and white are revealed anew to have tremendous power and the sparing use of color is once more seen as capable of greater effect than buckets of blood.

In point are both of Shahn's serigraphs. The awkward grace of his line shows the wheat in the wind; the stems interact to form, among other forms, long lozenges; about a dozen of these are brightly colored and the effect is the music of drab nature. So with the lute and the molecules building behind it like Tinker Toys. Just a few of them are colored and they manage to link the shape of science to the shape of art.

Color and joy also combine in Loren MacIver's "Paris," with only a handful of significant details suggested by cobblestones and kiosks, smoke in the clear sky and the familiar broom of branches. That's about the end of the line for joy in the show. The rest of the printmakers are pretty grim, but we all are some of the time and one of the functions of art is not only to do something about that grimness but to do something with it.

Gerson Lieber's "Under the 'El" does this. The huge mechanical structure, all alone in the white ground, looms towards us overhead, its pillars making a complementary perspective to the bottom. Along the pillar line, toward the flattened out vanishing point,

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slouches a single black figure. Max Kahn's "Dark Angel" is a figure on a gravestone all but come to life under a gloomy sky. Chaim Koppelman's "Crucifixion," an aquatint, inevitably recalls Goya's use of the grainy surface, but the image is all his own, silhouetted figures, a rough grating for the earth and an obscene Bosch-like insect large in the foreground. Harold Altman's "Frieze" brings bulky forms of women out of the haze of a market place.

The printmakers are back to man and to meaning and that is an evolution which is good for all of us.

Frank Getlein

MOVIES

Not Quite Mesmerized

The Magician
A film by Ingmar Bergman

It is now clear that we must resign ourselves to the present state of Ingmar Bergman's virtues. He is too fond of his defects to overcome them, if indeed to recognize them. The Swedish director is now established as a Divine Amateur: enormously gifted, often technically dazzling, essentially undisciplined. Well, it is a familiar role in art. John Barrymore in acting, Thomas Wolfe in writing, Isadora Duncan in dancing, all astonished and moved us, and we waste the benefit of their virtues by dwelling overmuch on the difference between them and the best artists. That difference is not, necessarily, a matter of integrity. On the contrary, it is an exaggerated devotion to self; the difference, in fact, is the degree of egotism.

In *The Magician*, his latest film to be released here, Bergman's merits, if not quite as pronounced as in *Wild Strawberries*, are still extremely impressive, his defects just as strongly marked. It is the story of a mysterious mesmerist in Sweden a hundred years ago who arrives with his troupe in a small town, is brought to a rich man's house by the police chief and ordered to give a performance. Overnight a drunken old actor dies. It is revealed that the mesmerist is a charlatan, his "male" assistant is really his wife.

The list of questions that could be posed about the inconsistencies and inconclusions in this film is too long to be detailed. But here are two major ones: When the mesmerist is tempted by his hostess, why does he beat himself like a Dostoevskian saint being swayed from his holy course if, as we learn later, he is only a cheap vaudevillian grovelling for tips? And, if he *is* a fake, why is his grandmother shown to have genuine witch-like powers?

The only real answer to these and similar questions is that Bergman felt like doing these things at the time, regardless of what preceded or followed them in the film. We must face the fact that his pictures are always going to annoy and captivate us; because, although scene by scene, we are generally fascinated, we are all conditioned by a culture in which form is relevant to content. Either this makes us Bergman's inferiors because we are still enslaved and he is not, or else it makes Bergman a flawed artist. No doubt archaically, I cling to the latter belief.

The drunken old actor in this story says that he has trudged so long looking for truth in the dark without success, but now he has found that the truth lies in the search itself. Bergman, like the actor, agonizes towards truth but does not know – and it is clear now that he probably never will – that there is an aesthetic in that forward motion that can keep it from staggering.

But let us, as noted above, settle for his virtues. He can invest a film quickly and surely with poetry and mystery, for he is a man of serious mind and serious imagination. Numerous sequences are masterly; the one in the attic, where the rationalist is almost frightened out of his reason, is superb. Some of his mannerisms are now recognizable (for instance, deleting the sound as the horses pull the wagon through the shadowy forest in order to heighten the eerie effect), but at least they are not prosaic mannerisms. The film to him is interesting only as a freehand way of asking immense questions, whether in drama or comedy. At his best he can be compared with that other Scandinavian teaser who, wonderful at times, never truly becomes great: Isak Dinesen.

Two other points about Bergman are important. He is one of the relatively few film directors who can be criticized in quite this vein because he writes his own scripts. The film that you see is the one he conceived, not the one he was engaged to execute, and much of the texture comes from the fact that the conceiver and (broadly speaking) the executant are the same. It is like the happy, almost lucky feeling one gets when a good poet is also a good reader of his poems (Dylan Thomas).

The second point is that, like no other current director, he has assembled a stock company of actors and technicians who respond to him and, as such a company should, evidently think him the greatest man alive. Gunnar Fischer, his photographer, Oscar Rosander, his film editor, and Erik Nordgren, his composer, are now like extra senses of Bergman's. Among the actors are the gaunt Max von Sydow, the coolly beautiful Ingrid Thulin, the enchanting Bibi Andersson, the incisive Gunnar Bjornstrand. Their reappearances in differing roles of differing importance in Bergman's films provide more than a sense of theatrical ensemble: at a deeper level, the creation of so many characters by so few actors gives us a sense of the Promethean range of human nature.

I hope strongly that no qualifications in the above will deter any reader from seeing this film. To miss Bergman is to miss a unique and valuable experience in contemporary art. But, for me, Beerbohm's remarks about Yeats are *a propos*. "I often had the pleasure of meeting Yeats, and I liked him," he says, and describes him as

> "... remarkable, mystic and intense.... But ... I felt always rather uncomfortable, as though I had submitted myself to a mesmerist who somehow didn't mesmerize me."

Bergman's films affect me more than Yeats did Beerbohm, but, like Sir Max, I am not quite mesmerized and wish that the mesmerist, admirable in so many ways, had been more successful.

Stanley Kauffmann

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TELEVISION

As We Watched Mr. K

The networks are making a serious try this season to prove that television is an instrument of the mind as well as belly and heart. NBC-TV, the bravest of the lot judging from its slogan "Total Television" is expanding public service into the midweek golden hours. CBS-TV is doing so to a lesser extent, and ABC-TV, whose concept of public service is providing good entertainment, makes a token effort. Mr. Khrushchev was the first challenge to this brave resolve, and the networks met him with astronomical effort in time and money. But they also demonstrated that, journalistically, television has not yet opened its eyes.

This is not to say that the coverage was bad, though much of it was, nor overdone, which it also was, but that somewhere in the rush to show good intent, no one decided whether his job was to report (or, in the copywriter's phrase, to give a first-hand sense of being present by taking the viewers to the scene) or to bring events into the living room.

The missing viewpoint was not political – all three networks were obviously nervous about public reaction to sandwiching Khrushchev among their Welks, Berles and Earps. The nets (and most newspapers these day) share a common public notion that journalism is a form of publicity that glorifies even what it defames – the idea embodied in the old show business crack, "every kick's a boost." And so the networks felt it was necessary to make clear that they were against Khrushchev and what he stands for.

But this does not excuse disclaimers made in a spirit of derision and bad taste. NBC-TV basted cartoons drawn with a childish simplicity of mind and line into their proceedings. One, for example, showed Mrs. Khrushcheva dragging the Chairman to a loaded American store window, as though people were pigs, and the cold war were being fought over lingerie and bathtubs. ABC-TV's Quincy Howe peckishly derided the Chairman as a "fat little man." All of this simply reduces the level of our differences to insoluble irrelevancies, for if the trouble with the world is that Khruschev is fat and little and mercurial it is something we can do nothing about. It is not entirely television's fault – in this it only reflects the worst of American thinking and for the most part the networks' correspondents did give a sense that they, personally, were aware of other and higher values by which to measure our differences with the Premier.

Once they were certain we knew where their hearts lay, the nets plunged into their coverage with all the style of a ten year old flung into a cold bath. Through it all the words, with a few outstanding exceptions, were vastly superior to the pictures. It was possible and preferable much of the time to turn off the picture and listen to the news reporters, many of whom started in radio where they learned to write with literacy and point. The cameramen in television are for the most part ex-newsreel men. Most of them can focus a camera, but few have any idea why they are there and what they are looking for. Compared to the men who speak on TV, the men who make the pictures are mechanics, practicing their art at the level of news photography before *Life* showed that an observing eye could be at least a useful adjunct to a questioning mind.

ABC-TV edited its film recaps of the visit with some tempo and style that was lacking on CBS and NBC, but the style was that of Movietone News, with the pictures drenched in a thin gravy of narration. "Nothing like a breakfast to make a man feel like a champ," said ABC as we saw The Man bounce out of his hotel. Any moment one expected to see Mrs. Khrushcheva emerge from a swimming pool feet first, and land lightly on a diving board, while the voice of Bert Lahr crowed "Allez ooops!" As the narrator told us that a steelworker had given Khrushchev a cigar and got a watch in return the camera stared dully at a factory exterior

In Los Angeles an attempt was made to abandon the idea of journalism entirely, by banishing the journalist and his point of view. Cameras were mounted in helicopters, in doorways, at gates, everywhere, in order to keep Khrushchev in view. I suspect there was lurking in someone's mind the idea that if anything violent were attempted on the Chairman they damned well weren't going to miss it. This sort of people-watching was enormously interesting during the McCarthy and Kefauver Senate hearings, but in those cases the camera was watching for something quite specific. The mind of a skilled reporter is not that of an idler, and much of the Khrushchev photography was simply idling, gaping from the streetcorner as the limousines swept by.

And the cameras idled through the moment that Lodge spoke back to Khrushchev at the dinner in Pittsburgh. There was a failure of imagination, and not only Lodge's imagination. The cameras held stolidly on a distant three-shot, of Lodge speaking, the translator, and Mr. Khrushchev at the left of my screen, so that only half of his face was visible. It was possible to see Lodge lean forward to see if his gentle barbs had any effect on Mr. Khrushchev, but where any hack dramatic director would cut to a closeup of a reaction, if any, we saw Lodge pause then turn back to try again, and lean forward once more, peering, earnest, hopeful for a sign from the Chairman. Was there any? Was Lodge chagrined? Did his beamish face reflect disappointment, irritation, amusement or simply boredom? On television you couldn't *see*.

FRANK R. PIERSON

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Malcolm Cowley is the author of several volumes of literary criticism, the most recent being *The Literary Situation*. Michael Straight, who for many years was the editor of this journal, has just completed a novel which will be published next spring by Knopf. T. J. Ross is on the faculty of Wayne State University in Detroit.

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Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Politicians as Art Critics

Sirs:

As a member of the committee of selection for the art exhibition in the American National Exhibition in Moscow, I want to congratulate you on the publication of Getlein's "Politicians as Art Critics," (July 27) the best-informed and most intelligent discussion so far written on the current controversy. It is all the more welcome because of the preponderantly misleading ignorant coverage given by the American press to the exhibition. Contrary to press reports, the exhibition is the broadest, most representative show of contemporary American art ever sent abroad by our government, ranging over a wide variety of viewpoints and styles, from traditional to advanced. The American public will have a chance to judge of this when the exhibition is shown in the Whitney Museum of American Art after its return in October.

Perhaps some day our Congressmen and newspaper Jeremiahs may come to understand the simple fact that it is not the artist, but his work, which is exhibited; and that his work must be judged on its merits, not on the artist's personal background, actual or alleged. Unless this obvious truth becomes officially accepted, the future appears dubious for governmental art programs involving American artists – except extreme conservatives or extreme abstractionists.

Lloyd Goodrich, Director
Whitney Museum of American Art
New York, N. Y.

Inflation and Public Policy

Sirs:

Leon Keyserling's comments last week on my review of his study (*Inflation – Cause and Cure*) raise two kinds of issue: the accuracy of my remarks, and the proper kind of economic policy toward recession and prosperity. I shall be brief on the first and less interesting issue. Although Mr. Keyserling does mention other reasons for slow economic growth and repeated recession in recent years, his emphasis is decidedly on credit policy. I find no answer to my statements that recession occurred even when credit policy was liberal and that institutional changes have made banking policy less influential than it was in times gone by.

As for Mr. Keyserling's charge that I classify him among the proponents of inflation, I am innocent and I can prove it. In my review I said that *many* not *all members* of Mr. Keyserling's group would rather suffer a little inflation than retard economic growth. Moreover. I stated quite clearly in the last paragraph of my review that Mr. Keyserling hoped and believed that rapid economic growth actually promoted price stability.

In a letter I can do no more that list the important issues of public policy which this discussion raises. Here are three of them:

(1) It is true that tight credit and other Administration policies have "...yielded more average price inflation than would have resulted from policies (including a more liberal credit policy) conducive to a sustained and high rate of economic growth?" We cannot rerun a period's history but it is extraordinarily difficult to find a long period in which economic growth and price stability actually coincided.

(2) Do prices rise as much during recession as during prosperity? Not all prices are administered and even administered prices respond ultimately, even though sluggishly, to large variations in demand.

(3) Most important of all, do sustained growth and price stability march hand in hand? Growth increases incomes as well as output. When a major part of the growth takes the shape of investment, current output of consumer goods falls short at present prices of the incomes available to purchase them. Therefore, unless there is considerable voluntary saving, the pressure upon prices is substantial.

I have called Keyserling bold in his conclusions because he is much more certain than I believe the evidence warrants of the answers to these questions and much more confident than most of his colleagues that we know the solution to the problem of business fluctuations.

Robert Lekachman
Barnard College

Time in the Classroom

Sirs:

It is amusing, if also dispiriting, to discover *NR* editorially proposing ("Faculty Wanted," September 21) a panacea for higher education's problems which it had not so many months ago properly criticized Beardsley Ruml for suggesting. The notion that "if students spent only 8 or 10 hours a week in class, instead of 15 or 20, two students would be no more trouble than one" is based on the entirely erroneous assumption that in-class work occupies most of a teacher's working hours. Any teacher will testify that the 8-12 hours one spends in class constitute the smallest fraction of one's duties.

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their individual projects must be set up and supervised on individual bases. You cannot turn our undergraduates (if, indeed, our graduate students) loose in the vasts of Homeric scholarship and suggest they find out all about *The Iliad*. The required individual supervision takes a great deal of time – in conferences, in reading and discussing papers. Yet this precious time must be sacrificed in any plan, like yours or Ruml's, which requires an increase in student-faculty ratios. Class hours cannot be significantly reduced, nor can preparation hours. The teacher, overwhelmed by hundreds of students each term, takes the only course open to bring him within the sixty-hour week: cutting down, or cutting out, conferences; skimping his reading of and comments on papers. Colleges thus become true factories, where the few bright students find little to stimulate them, and the rest discover hymarx outlines.

It is perhaps the latest fad for those outside colleges to suggest the highroad to salvation. It would be more realistic to admit that good education is expensive education. If the American people do not wish to pay for the educational establishment this country needs and can easily support, then they deserve what they are beginning to get: a second-class system and a second-class civilization.

Paul Lauter
Amherst, Mass.

Is There a Shortage of Scholars?

Sirs:

Your comment on "Faculty Wanted" (September 21) was, perhaps unintentionally, a piece of ambiguity and misunderstanding. That scholars profit by keeping themselves in short supply is absurd. Since the end of World War II there has been a shortage of PhD's, and no one as a result of this, least of all the college professor, has gained financial remuneration or increased prestige. It is common knowledge that college professors still earn low salaries.

In suggesting a reduction of lectures to free the student for intensive reading, one scarcely goes beyond the periphery of the problem. Certainly one of the primary aims of colleges is to induce the student to read more. However, if a faculty member were to teach many more students than he now does, he would be virtually in the same position. The examination of all these students, which can hardly be done by readers alone, would entail considerably more time than do the present lectures. . . . These lectures are, in a majority of colleges, valuable discussion groups in which the students clarify the many problems that arise from their varied readings.

A more sensible approach is an immediate and intensive effort to provide money not merely for salaries, but for helping graduate students remain in the academic world. These men and women comprise the core of any future college growth. The number of graduate students who, because of insufficient funds, are lost to industry and other non-academic areas is frightening.

Aaron P. Small
Billings, Montana

Costello *vs.* Henry Clay

Sirs:

Mr. William Costello may know his Richard Nixon but he does not know his Henry Clay. Allow me to make the following corrections to the first article in his Nixon series (September 28).

1. Clay was not sidetracked in favor of Madison in 1816. Madison was not nominated for a third term.

2. Clay was not sidetracked in favor of Monroe in 1824. Monroe was not nominated for a third term. Clay was nominated and received 37 electoral votes.

3. Clay was not elbowed aside by Van Buren in 1836 for any Presidential nomination. Clay was a Whig; Van Buren a Democrat. Van Buren defeated Harrison, the Whig nominee.

4. Clay was not elbowed aside by James K. Polk in 1944. Clay received the Whig nomination but was defeated by Polk, a Democrat, in the election of 1844.

Harvey L. Carter
Colorado College, Colorado Springs

Mr. Costello replies:

No excuses; a faulty source, unchecked in my intense preoccupation with the protagonist. A book in January profits, however, from the erudition of our scholarly correspondents. My thanks.

William Costello
Washington, D. C.

Among Our Bouquets

I have just read the first copy of the restyled *New Republic*, and I thought it was excellent. Congratulations! I also thought it was a particularly good issue.

Chester Bowles
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

The new format, particularly of the cover, is lean and trim and a genuine improvement. The use of color is an eye-catcher and of value. If the quality is maintained (and why shouldn't it be?) *The New Republic* should be conquering new worlds.

Dore Schary
New York, N. Y.

Congratulations on *The New Republic's* new look. It's a beauty! I hope it helps to double the circulation.

Gordon H. Cole, Editor
The Machinist
Washington, D. C.

Congratulations on the new format. This is a tremendous improvement.

Paul Simon, Representative
General Assembly
State of Illinois

The front cover is more attractive and should prove helpful on the newsstands. However, I find the new type more of a strain on the eyes—or at least that is my first reaction.

William Isaacs
New York, N. Y.

I like the new format and congratulate you on it.

I find it much easier to read, and I especially like the new table of contents with page numbers for each article.

Howard L. Chernoff
San Diego, California

Congratulations! The new face of NR is fresh and stimulating. And the contents are still first rate.

Mitchell Stein
Cincinnati, Ohio

My congratulations to the rebirth of your magazine. In every respect it is a splendid job.

Arthur Wiener
Forest Hills, New York

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